

Poetry.

SPRING-TIME.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

The sovereign Sun unbars the icy gates
To let the Spring with all her train come in;
But timidly the bashful maiden waits,
Or feels affrighted from the stormy din
And elemental strife. While she doth stand
In hesitation, the soft, warm southern breeze
Steals from the isles of lime and orange trees,
And blithely Spring trips o'er the smiling land.

Hurrah! I was bold grow big;
They burst their swaddling-bands;
The spiral sprout
Is shooting out,
And grass is creeping o'er the meadow-lands.

Hurrah! ten thousand rills
Are hurrying down the hills;
And, sparkling as they run,
They symbolize the boy
So over-full of joy
His very eyes are scintillating fun.
Hurrah! a fly, a real fly!
With legs so slim and will so strong,
So impudent and gay,
So buoyly idle all day long;
Where didst thou hide, the freezing winter through?

Hadst thou a cozy cell
Where thou didst dwell
When the snows fell
And the north winds blow?
All! have a care, gay chap!

For many a mare,
In earth and air,
Is hidden in a silken trap.

How genial is the ray
Of this luxuriant day,

That vivifies the bosom like a thought
Of other days with happy memories fraught!—

The young-life days that seem
But a delicious dream

That fitted o'er a brain whose vision
Glimpsed upon a scene elysian,

Too unreal for a world

By manhood into chaos hurl'd.

A tear! why, sure, there's still

A living sill

Beneath a rubbish piled upon the heart,

That bubbles up,

And yields a cup

Of healing for a bosom-smart.

Let's forth, my friend, and wander slow
Over the fields of tender green,

Where, as we go;

The earlier flowers are seen,

With blushing eyes,

Up-peering to the skies,

Like childhood looking up to God

From bended knees.

How fragrant is the sod,

Where no overhanging trees

Refresh the blessing of the sun

From coming down,

With odorous plants to crown

The leaf that erst was desolate and dan!

Companion mine!

Thou of the musing race!

Seest thou the beams that round us shine

Of HEAVEN's premeditated grace?

Oh! speak; for thou'rt a master in the speech

That to the soul's replete grace can reach:

A place there is within thy poet heart;

Where heavenly thoughts like holy angels glide;

Thou drawst at times the hiddest veil aside,

And from its home thou causest to depart

A living verse to go around, and be

A messenger of good to our humanity:

So speak thou now in this love-moving hour,

When new-born Nature wakes in mystic power.

Ah! silent still! I see! I see!

I and a key

That open to me

The mystery —

Of thy deep silence now: I see

The cloud that hangs above thy joy;

Thy memory rests on thine angelic boy

Who held thy hand when on thy evening walk,

And by his little talk

Revealed thee so

That life without him seemed an utter wo.

Thy lamb is safely gather'd in the fold,

The fold eternal, in the better land;

His hand is in the gentle SUREFIRE's hand,

And by His side he walks, as once of old

He walks'd with them along this beauteous earth.

His eye, that glister'd with a sister's mirth,

Is brighter now: his voice,

Excelling in its sweetness any bell,

Is sweeter now in its harmonious swell,

In that grand hymn wherewith the blest rejoice.

Cannot come to thee; but thou,

When God shall change thy braw,

And make thy vision dim,

Shalt go to him.

What though we turn to clay—

A spring-time resurrection day,

Remember, shall be his and thine

And mine,

And every soul that loves our Lord

In this brief life:

Immortal prime.

Is theirs who trust the MANER'S word.

Let's homeward now: thy face again is bright;

The spring-time shadows soon resound in light.

WASTED TIME.

A lone in the dark and silent night;
With the heavy thought of a vanished year;

When evil deeds come back to sight;

And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer;

Alone with the spectres of the past,

That come with the old year's dying chime,

There gleams one shadow dark and vast,

The shadow of Wasted Time.

The chance of happiness cast away,

The opportunities never sought,

The good resolves that every day

Have died in the impotence of thought;

The slow advance and the backward step

In the rugged path we have striven to climb;

They farrow the braw and pale the lip;

When we talk with Wasted Time!

What are we now?—what have we been,

Had we honored time at the miser's gold,

Striving our coveted mode to win,

Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold;

Shrinking nowt from that the world could do;

Fearing nought but the touch of crime;

Laboring, struggling, all seasons through;

And knowing no Wasted Time!

She shall recall the vanished years?

Who shall hold back this ebbing tide?

That leaves us remorse, and shame, and tears,

And washes away all things beside?

Who shall give us the strength 'e now

To leave forever this holiday rhyme,

To shake off this sloth from heart and braw,

And battle with Wasted Time!

The years that pass come not again,

The things that die no life renew;

But 'e's from the rust of his cankered chain

A golden truth is glimmering through;

That to him who learns from errors past,

And turns away with strength sublime,

And makes each year outdo the last,

There is no Wasted Time.

JOY AND SORROW.

Joy is but a sunny level,

Bliss a drowsy sum;

Sorrow a rugged summit,

Sealed with tears and pain.

To the fewy deads and valleys,

Balm and peace are given;

Yet the rugged mountain summit

Lies nearer Heaven.

THE LIBERATOR.

Selections.

WASHINGTON IS FREE.

For the first time in the history of this Government, the Capital stands upon free soil!

After a long and gloomy storm has chilled and dispirited men, how full of gladness and hope is the first faint blue spot that shines in the heaven! That hand's breadth of blue is mightier upon our spirits than all the waste and wilderness of black clouds that fill the whole heavens! It tells us what is behind the storm. It shows that clouds are growing thin, and moving off. That spot of prophetic blue has at last shone through at Washington! The District of Columbia holds no slaves! Emancipation has been effected. The slaves to be set free were few. If there had been but ten, the joy would have been great. It is the nation that is freed. It is the Government that has been emancipated. This is the first act of legislative emancipation performed in this nation since the Revolutionary impulse ceased, and the nation now moves very set in! The Congress of the United States are deliberating for the first time since Washington's day on free soil! The foundation of the Capitol are on free soil!

The President walks upon free soil as he strolls through the grounds of the White House. The birds will sing sweeter. The grass will grow greener. Flowers will yield a better fragrance. Every Christian man upon this continent should offer one prayer of devout thanksgiving. Men should meet each other with well make this an altar of reconciliation. It is a far higher reason for national thanksgiving than any event in the campaign. Will not the President ask this Christian nation to join in a day of thanksgiving? But we ought not to wait for that. Public meetings should be called in city and village, and citizens, without respect to party or religion, should unite in expressions of patriotism and congratulation over this memorable event!

That terrible code of slave laws lies dead in the District of Columbia! Those dreadful offices which it creates are sunk to eternal infamy! Human freedom is re-established in the Capital of a Free People! Not in merchandise, but in the Capital of our own slaves! Love binds together households inseparably, that yesterday could be put asunder for God. New songs will rock hundreds of cradles. God is glad for his own poor! Let us be glad!

To every just and honorable soul that loves right and hates wrong, we send greeting—Washington is free!

To all who have long silently prayed, and waited the sure hand of God, with unfaltering trust, we send greeting—Washington is free!

To those long-tried men who have given their lives to the great work of national renovation, and who happily live to see the beginning of national emancipation, we send joyful greetings—Washington is free!

Could our voice go forth out of this sphere to that land of the blessed, where are the beautiful spirits of those who early labored for liberty but died without the sight, we would cry to them: Give noble thanks to God and higher praise! The Capital of the Nation is free!

The people of Franklin County, Missouri, in mass meeting assembled, appreciating the blessings of Liberty, as we have enjoyed and received them under the Constitution and Government of the United States, do resolve:

I. That we will neither vote nor give our influence for any man, for any office, who we know or believe is now, or ever has been, in favor of a dissolution, nor who has not been at all times of unshaken and outspoken loyalty, nor who has ever hesitated to acknowledge the supremacy of the authority of, and the duty of allegiance to, the Federal Government, as paramount to all other authority or allegiance; nor will we submit, until we have exhausted our constitutional and legal means of resistance, to the exercise of civil authority over us by any man who has ever counseled, aided, or abetted the crime of treason against the Constitution and Government of the United States, or resistance to the exercise of lawful authority by the President, or other officers legally invested with authority, under the Constitution and Laws of the United States.

II. That the people of Missouri are the sole judges of what local and domestic institutions they require for their peace, happiness, and prosperity as a people; and in the exercise of that right, we declare our solemn conviction that negro slavery is destructive of all these blessings. We therefore pledge ourselves to a hearty support of every practical measure for the gradual emancipation and colonization of the slaves now in Missouri.

III. That the intimate alliance of treason with slavery in Missouri is a sufficient reason for all loyal citizens to oppose the perpetuation of the latter with the same vigor they seek the eradication of the former; and it is a duty we owe ourselves, our posterity, and the cause of Free Government, to demand such legal enactments as will place the institution of slavery in Missouri upon a footing that the public mind will rest satisfied of its gradual extinction.

IV. That we will neither vote, nor give our influence, for any man for Governor, or for the Legislature, who is not pledged to the support of a proposition having for its object the erection of a legal barrier to the further immigration of slaves into this State, nor who is not pledged to the support of a practical, just and fair proposition for the emancipation and colonization, outside of the Union, of all the slaves now in Missouri.

V. That the doctrines and policy enunciated by President Lincoln, in his recent and annual messages for the preservation of the Union, meet our hearty and undivided support; and while we deplore civil war, and desire the smile of peace to illumine our country again, we feel that the Union must be preserved, and the war should not cease until the national authority is practically re-acknowledged.

VI. That we recommend Samuel T. Glover, Esq., of St. Louis, to the loyal people of the State as a candidate for Governor, and invite them to join with us in soliciting him to become a candidate.

Which were adopted unanimously, amid shouts of approval.

Franklin County, Mo., is situated about twenty miles from the Mississippi and the western boundary of St. Louis and Jefferson counties. It is one of the largest and most flourishing counties in the State, and has a population of 18,000, which was an increase of 7,000 since 1850, of whom about one-half are slaves.

At the last Presidential election, a majority of the votes of this County were cast for Mr. Lincoln. Hermann is within its limits. The population is largely composed of Germans. Union, the town, is 43 miles south-west of St. Louis.

Let Free Speech cross the Border, and Slavery will fall before it like the harvest ripe for the sickle.

—New York Tribune.

GEN. CAREY ON HANGING ABOLITIONISTS.

It does not diminish our disgust of this fashionable slang, that even General Carey should endorse it. In his speech, at the Opera House, last Friday night, he said:—